The Pittsburgh Commercial.

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WEEKLY COMMERCIAL.

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MILTON'S HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The book of chariot sword
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kingly state still with careful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed;
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need:
It saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all the concert were a full and perfect rapture took
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new born Heir.

Such musick, as 'tis said
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow,
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelick symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell it self will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.
Yea Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen.
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down-steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

NEW YORK AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

[From our own Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, December, 1867.

HARD TIMES.

Business people are everywhere complaining that the holiday times are hard times, few purchases are made, and those only of the cheaper and less expensive class of goods. Fancy articles, which are so costly and which generally bring any price the dealer chooses to ask at this season, go begging, and lie showy but neglected upon the counters and in the shop windows, even at the prices to which many of them have been reduced. For example, the ornamental boxes for gloves, handkerchiefs, stationery and the like, the like which, filled with French *bon bons*, are bought in such quantities for Christmas gifts, are usually sold at prices ranging from one and two dollars up to fifty dollars, the confectionary at a dollar and a half per pound, to be added afterwards. This year the fifty dollar boxes have been reduced to thirty, those at twenty-five to fifteen, and the ten and fifteen to six, eight and ten. Even at this reduction, however, they still make somewhat expensive *presents*, and the preference is given to *articles less* attractive in appearance but more useful. A curious freak of fancy has inspired the proprietor of the largest dry goods house to open a department for the sale of such fancy goods as are usually found most saleable during the holidays. Boxes of perfumery, "ladies' companions," reticules, card cases, purses, pocket books, toilet ornaments, etc.

A counter has been devoted to this purpose and is so crowded with customers day and night till it is almost impossible to get within several feet of it. The prices show the enormous profit made on this class of goods, they being in many instances less than half that are charged in fancy stores. The proprietors of these stores declare that the great merchant is using his capital to break them down, but his purchasers consider him just now a public benefactor, who reduces profits to their legitimate limits.

GASLIGHT EXHIBITIONS.

An new idea is so rare a thing that it deserves special mention whenever and wherever it is found. This particular idea, however, is not quite new except in the mode in which it has been carried out, but still in the absence of anything better it will do.

It consists of gaslight exhibitions in the daytime by prominent milliners and modistes. Since bonnets became small the profits upon them reduced and the larger number made by ladies themselves, it has been common to associate dressmaking with millinery in all the large establishments, especially as with the introduction of gored dresses came the almost absolute necessity of employing an artiste, at least to cut and fit them, and as a consequence the profits upon dressmaking became equal to upon millinery went down. The association of these two departments proves a most fortunate conjunction in these difficult times, and renders gaslight exhibitions very effective.

To the usual method is added every particle of light from the large and elegant show-rooms, arrange complete costumes at one end and dress bonnets, bridal veils, wreaths, head dresses and the like at the other, and in parlors in opera, evening, street or in-door toilettes everywhere. The rooms are then brilliantly lighted with gas, and cards of invitation having been previously sent round, are thronged all day by ladies who are frightened into into an extravagant purchase by seeing the full effect of a complete evening costume.

Among the novelties displayed at one of these exhibitions was a *Mantoun de la Cour* attached to a rich evening dress of white unwatered *moire*. The *Mantoun* is a long square train, one end of which is laid in pleats across the back of a low necked dress. The trail is from one to two yards long from the bottom of the skirt, and requires considerable skill and adroitness to manage. A trimming of rich lace is usually added to the edge, which enhances the cost some hundreds of dollars, but in this case the edge was simply scolloped and bound with white satin; the lining was also white satin.

A costume of rich green *faille* (a thick silk with a fine cord) was much admired; it was trimmed with a flounce of white *point applique* lace, headed with a *ruscus* of green satin, a wide sash of lace and a black lace shawl was draped about the shoulders. The price of the entire costume, as it stood, was one thousand dollars. The new French sleeve was attached to this dress; it reaches to the elbow, where it is slightly gathered on the inside of the arm, and a lace or fringe attached which falls over. It is called the *Watteau* sleeve, and always accompanied by a square body low or cut out *a la Pompadour*. Long white gloves are worn with this sleeve, which only leaves an inch or two of space upon the arm visible.

A new method of ornamenting a dress is to drape a scarf across the front of the corsage and allow the two ends to fall from the right shoulder, forming an open Roman sleeve, made in white merino, bordered with gold, the point ends finished with gold tassels; the effect is decidedly classic, particularly in conjunction with the gold Greek band, which is now the most fashionable ornament for the hair.

NEW HARDWARE AND LEATHER ORNAMENTS.

But the taste for ornaments is not by any means confined to the classic and antique. The most absurd fancies prevail, and a design is valued not for its beauty but for its eccentricity.

The broad sashes looped low and often used to tie up the over-skirt or tunic on the left side or at the back, are now passed through enormous gilt or velvet covered rings, and size being an object, huge furniture rings are resorted to, and rings made of wood and afterwards gilded or covered with velvet.

To the small rings of fire-gilt, keys or a single gilt key is attached, in imitation of the ancient house-keeping method of hanging a bunch of keys at the side of the dress. There is something profane, however, in adopting as caprice of fashion the insignia of an old-fashioned virtue. Chains and chatelaines are also worn, the former consisting of not less than five, from the ends of which are suspended scent bottle and a bunch of enlarged charms." The wide sash ends, which also end low on the skirt, are now made of either lace satin, silk or velvet, and are embroidered upon the ends with the monogram in colors, or coat of arms of the wearer.

The chatelaines are a much older institution. It is several seasons since they were introduced, and this winter they have again been revived. They consist of a sort of pouch of silk, satin or velvet, embroidered and suspended by two embroidered bands from the sides. They hold the scent bottle and tiny lace handkerchief.

A new style for morning is made of Viennese leather, and consists of belt and chatelaine ornamented with very small silver steel nails. Very small vessels fully rigged, rocky capes mounted with sporting emblems, and the like, are the latest Parisian inventions for car rings, and the designs are embroidered on the corners of the pocket handkerchiefs. Very new handkerchiefs have centers of unbleached cambric, with wide hems of lilac, red, violet or blue. Of course, they are only used for morning or in-door wear. Handkerchiefs for the street are embroidered with crest, monogram or device, and lace, are used for the evening with only the smallest centre of cambric. Such handkerchiefs as these last are not intended for use. A fine lady employs it like her fan as a means of fascination, and not a vulgar necessity.

BRIDAL OUTFITS.

Allusion has been made more than once to the difficulty of procuring ladies' ready-made clothing, even in large cities. Establishments for ladies' outfits are advertised and talked of, but there are none where complete outfits of different grades, or even of one grade, can be obtained at once and the price immediately ascertained.

In London and Paris complete bridal outfits of at least three different grades can be obtained at a moment's notice and the cost seen at a glance by printed lists. Here, it is long day's work to find an estimate of the various articles which never proves a correct one, and to which, on one pretence or other, a larger or smaller sum is always afterwards added. Moreover, there is no stock to select from. Nearly every article must be made, and the bill, however plain the garments, foots up into large proportions.

A ladies' furnishing establishment where outfits could be obtained beautiful and lady-like in design, careful and good in material, neat in workmanship and of various grades, is an absolute want in New York city and would realize a fortune if properly conducted.

It must be content with reasonable profits, however, if it would be a popular institution, and not expect two hundred per cent. on the cost of every article made. The following table of a *trousseau* for twenty pounds, is copied from the original list of a ladies' outfitting establishment, and shows how they do these things in England:

A TROUSSEAU FOR TWENTY POUNDS.

	s. d.	£ s. d.
6 Beatrice Chemises	8. 0.	2 8 0
2 Alexander do	10. 0.	1 0 0
2 Alice Night Dresses	5. 11.	0 11 10
3 Maude do	3. 9.	0 10 3
6 pairs long cloth Draws, tucked	2. 6.	0 15 0
3 do do trimmed with work	3. 3.	0 9 9
2 long cloth Petticoats tucked	8. 6.	0 17 0
1 do do trimmed with work	13. 6.	1 6 6
3 Corsets trimmed with work	4. 9.	0 14 3
3 do do extra good	6. 6.	0 19 6
3 Morino Vests	3. 4.	0 10 0
3 Flannel Petticoats	8. 6.	1 8 6
3 Printed Cambric Dressing Gowns	7. 6.	1 2 6
1 Colored Flannel do	31. 6.	1 11 6
1 Pair White Cotton Blankets	1. 1.	0 1 1
6 Fair Lisle Thread Handkerchiefs	1. 0.	0 12 0
12 Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs	1. 9.	0 12 0
6 Hemstitched do	1. 6.	0 9 0
6 Pair French wove Corsets	12. 6.	1 5 0
1 Patent Sanfacture Mackintosh	3. 15.	0 3 15
1 Demi-Gemma Jupon	0. 0.	0 12 6
Habe dashery, (beautiful assortment)	10. 6.	0 13 6
		£20 0s 0d

Any single article of the above outfit can be had on application.

The above list was accompanied by illustrations which gave a complete and accurate idea of the style and neatness of the garments, and taking this as a basis, we found out the following list of an outfit, and obtained an estimate of the cost from two New York houses.

BRIDAL OUTFIT FOR FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS.

6 chemises plain with ruffling	$ 5 50	$33 00
2 do embroidered do	15 00	30 00
6 pair long cloth drawers, tucked	4 50	27 00
3 do trimmed with work	6 00	18 00
2 long cloth petticoats tucked	10 00	20 00
1 do trimmed with needle-work	15 00	15 00
3 corset covers trimmed	5 00	15 00
3 extra size do do	10 00	30 00
3 low-necked merino vests	3 50	10 50
1 French cambric dressing gown	18 00	18 00
1 French flannel do	30 00	30 00
12 pairs white cotton hose	1 00	12 00
12 pairs lisle thread hose	1 50	18 00
12 linen cambric handkerchiefs	1 00	12 00
6 hemstitched do	1 25	7 50
24 fine French collars	10 00	20 00
1 woven hooped skirt	5 00	5 00
1 Balmoral white skirt	3 00	3 00
6 pairs gloves, assorted colors	2 00	12 00
Total		$381 75

Whole cost of the list, the articles comprising which would be scarcely equal to the other was declared to be in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars and seventy-five cents, or about four times the English cost. We must certainly learn to manage these things better.

ERAS OF FASHION.

A novel entertainment was given on Christmas Eve by Madam Demorest, the distinguished modiste, at her residence on Broadway, near Fourteenth street. The paper pattern establishment of this lady is known all over the United States and outside of them also, for it has its branches everywhere, and the idea therefore of a paper masquerade in which the different eras of fashion, dating as far back as designs for costumes could be obtained, and principally represented by young ladies in her employ, was a most happy one. Many of the costumes were very effective, even magnificent in appearance, while others excited great amusement by their oddity. The most remarkable feature was the fidelity with which materials, ornaments and designs were produced in paper. Laces, fringes, gimps, buttons, rosettes, muffs and bows, pendant necklaces and ornaments were all copied so faithfully that it was necessary to touch them to be assured that they were not the genuine article. Strange to say the most outrageous absurdities, such as making the immense coal scuttle bonnets, the monstrous muffs, the balloon sleeves, all belong to a recent date and were associated most inappropriately with short, scant skirts and narrow, restricted outside dresses, the graceful trains, the long flowing robes and the basque which has been adopted by the ladies of the present day belong to a much more distant epoch, and are certainly more becoming, if less striking, than the preposterous designs which were in vogue late in the beginning of the present century. The costume of the Gallic women was very curious. It consisted of a round mantle like an English "smock frock," with a circular hole in the top for the head to pass through. It was generally figured in white, and the long scant dress bordered with colors or gold. The head-dress was a sort of casque, with gold band.

The richest dresses were worn by ladies under Charlemagne. These costumes displayed an immense quantity of jewels and gorgeous necklaces. The long dresses were bordered with gold, and jewelled girdles were knotted low in front of the robes.

The long, straight, open sleeves which are just now being revived, found their origin in the dress of Margaret of Provence, whose sleeves were something like those now worn, and had to be taken up and wound over the arm. The headdress of this lady looks like a basket with the bottom knocked out, surrounded on the top with gilt spikes. There were some very stiff, but very magnificent dresses worn, the most important of which was that of Queen Elizabeth with a wonderful ruff, worn by Madam Demorest herself; there were also some pretty fancy dresses, among which were "Night" and "Morning," a Spanish lady in full court costume, worn by Madam Demorest's little son. Musical interludes formed part of the entertainment, presided over by Miss Venna Demorest, and the whole affair being provided for the guests, and the whole affair being *en masque* and greatly enjoyed by those present. A handsome supper and a Christmas Carol, sung bo the whole company at 12 o'clock P. M., closed the evening's performance.

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Custom has long justified it; otherwise, it would be condemned as hypocrisy, and to be a walking advertisement of one's own private griefs. But, even if one were permitted to announce this one side of domestic experience by change of garb, the question still remains, whether the impression is not given to the weakness of natural feeling, or the triumphs of Christian faith. Whether we should symbolize the darkness of the grave as unenlightened by hope, or the light of the grave made luminous by the triumph of our Saviour and the glories of immortality beyond it? We may be sure there is something wrong in a Christian community where death is surrounded with associations of terror, where the young are reared to a horror of the sepulchre, where present grief rises up like a dark cloud, and shuts out the heaven, where sorrow seeks to make desolation and dress—everything conspires to shroud death and the grave with darkness. Has sorrow a right to be selfish? May it bear false witness against immortality? Has a Christian father bereaved a right to dress the name of such conduct: "There is no light in the grave, none beyond it, and no comfort for the bereaved but only black, black, black sorrow!" I never meet one muffled in black from head to foot without a certain horror. The spirit of crape is to me like the smell of a charnel house.

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As to the other side, we are told that all kinds of rumors are prevalent with respect to the ulterior intentions of the Italian Government, which is now supposed to be secretly favoring the manœuvres of the party of action. The same kind of accusation has been brought against it ever since the beginning of the Garibaldian troubles with the Pope. The course of conduct of the Italian authorities gave the charge enough of color to enable Napoleon to use it with great force as a justification for his own movements.

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Preached on Thanksgiving Day by S. C. Jennings, D. D.---Published by Request of the Valley Congregation, but Abridged.

Psalms 2:11—Rejoice with trembling.

This portion of divine counsel is given directly to kings and judges. In this Commonwealth the people are the sovereigns from whom all legislative, judicial and executive authority emanate. It will be, therefore, no misapplication of the text to apply it to them, and those who by their elective rule under the government of Him " by whom kings reign and princes decree justice."

The Governor of the universe here commands us to do, what the Chief Magistrate of Union and the Governor of this State recommend. The command of God contemplates something more than is expressed in the proclamations for Thanksgiving. He calls upon the sovereigns of the earth to rejoice in view of the reign of Christ, the source of all blessedness, and to tremble lest they incur His displeasure, as mediatorial King.

First. I propose to give brief reasons for thanksgiving and joy. Through the kind Providence of the Lord Jesus over this nation, civil and religious liberty have been maintained for more than three-fourths of a century. He caused, through the severe discipline of war, personal liberty to be restored to those from whom it was wrested. He has made our country an asylum for increasing numbers, who have fled from the oppressions of other lands. Under His fostering care literary and religious institutions greatly increase. Houses of worship stand open for whomsoever may enter. The word of God is read in different languages. "The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous." Groups of children assemble for the instructions of the Lord's day, and other thousands repair to the common school with delight, that "our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace." The return of peace is to be attributed to Him who "doeth according to His will in the army of Heaven and among the children of the earth." "He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth." To-day we should be grateful that prosperity has returned to nearly all, except those who have run into excessive speculations. Threatened drought has given place to showers of rain. The trees have borne a portion of fruit—the gardens their flowers and their variety of vegetation. The busy bee has collected stores, used by his more idle sovereign—*man*. The streams have yielded their fish—the fields their grain and grass. We drink from the streams that the Father of mercies sendeth forth from the clouds through the earth. We see and should enjoy His works by His light. We breath His air, purified by His electric fluid. We sit by our fire sides, warmed by coal from strata long since provided by Him. During the past year the scourges of God for the nations have not abode within this Commonwealth, and have abated in distant parts. Perhaps the cholera has done more good than visited many places, nor sweeping floods carried much to destruction. The mechanic has gone into his shop—the husbandman into his fields; the shepherd among his flocks, and the traveler on the highways, each in peace to attend to his work, and each has returned to his fireside, and to his family, without famine staring him in the face. Not multitudes from any nation have been called to mourn in the lamentments of mourning. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

But secondly, *rejoice with trembling*, with holy fear of the highness of God, and with nations and cities in this world according to the divine administration, unfolded in the 18th chapter of Jeremiah. The prophet Isaiah was by God sent to declare that "the nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish, yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." As some have been which disobeyed the Lord, who is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." In the public happiness and welfare of all the States, and of our Commonwealth, we should be deeply concerned. We have evidence that its *statutes, common law and the law of God* are frequently violated with impunity. That we have forgotten the nature of such transgressions, let us first inquire into the connection between

COMMON AND STATUTE LAW AND CHRISTIANITY.

The best definition of common law in Pennsylvania is found in 1 Dall. Rep. 211, viz: "Common right, common sense, common justice." Christianity is a part of it, but not in such a sense as to establish or support any particular form of it. General Christianity is a part of it, so far that its great principles have been recognized by acts of Assembly, as conducive to the general welfare of the State. It has already had its influence, so far as is consistent with the nature of our Government and the principles which have regulated the settlement of the country; subject, however, to the various modifications introduced by the several charters. It is according to this unwritten common law, it is now clear that an indictment may be maintained for any offense which is against public morals and decency, (Lucas C. L. 524;) an offense may be punished, if, by evil example, it tends to the corruption of morals, as the exhibiting of an obscene picture. (2 Sar and Rawle 91.) Statue law comes in, also, to restrain and punish vice and immorality, to "promote the general welfare." To this end to pass through. It was generally figured in white, and the long scant dress bordered with colors or gold. The head-dress was a sort of casque, with gold band.

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COMMON AND STATUTE LAW AND CHRISTIANITY.

The best definition of common law in Pennsylvania is found in 1 Dall. Rep. 211, viz: "Common right, common sense, common justice." Christianity is a part of it, but not in such a sense as to establish or support any particular form of it. General Christianity is a part of it, so far that its great principles have been recognized by acts of Assembly, as conducive to the general welfare of the State. It has already had its influence, so far as is consistent with the nature of our Government and the principles which have regulated the settlement of the country; subject, however, to the various modifications introduced by the several charters. It is according to this unwritten common law, it is now clear that an indictment may be maintained for any offense which is against public morals and decency, (Lucas C. L. 524;) an offense may be punished, if, by evil example, it tends to the corruption of morals, as the exhibiting of an obscene picture. (2 Sar and Rawle 91.) Statue law comes in, also, to restrain and punish vice and immorality, to "promote the general welfare." To this end to pass through. It was generally figured in white, and the long scant dress bordered with colors or gold. The head-dress was a sort of casque, with gold band.

The richest dresses were worn by ladies under Charlemagne. These costumes displayed an immense quantity of jewels and gorgeous necklaces. The long dresses were bordered with gold, and jewelled girdles were knotted low in front of the robes.

The long, straight, open sleeves which are just now being revived, found their origin in the dress of Margaret of Provence, whose sleeves were something like those now worn, and had to be taken up and wound over the arm. The headdress of this lady looks like a basket with the bottom knocked out, surrounded on the top with gilt spikes. There were some very stiff, but very magnificent dresses worn, the most important of which was that of Queen Elizabeth with a wonderful ruff, worn by Madam Demorest herself; there were also some pretty fancy dresses, among which were "Night" and "Morning," a Spanish lady in full court costume, worn by Madam Demorest's little son. Musical interludes formed part of the entertainment, presided over by Miss Venna Demorest, and the whole affair being provided for the guests, and the whole affair being *en masque* and greatly enjoyed by those present. A handsome supper and a Christmas Carol, sung bo the whole company at 12 o'clock P. M., closed the evening's performance.

JENNIE JUNE.

The Wearing of Mourning.

It is not the custom of our people to symbolize their feelings by a change in dress with this solitary exception. If a man becomes bankrupt, or has his house burned down, or loses heavily in commercial operations, or has a son in disgrace, or a child misled by evil company, or any other grieful experience, he does not change his garb. The one solitary and exceptional case is bereavement! But there is in domestic sorrow a delicacy, or ought to be, which should shrink from an ostentatiousness such as mourning apparel cannot fail to have. No one has a right so to express his sorrows as to introduce them upon every eye wherever he goes.

Custom has long justified it; otherwise, it would be condemned as hypocrisy, and to be a walking advertisement of one's own private griefs. But, even if one were permitted to announce this one side of domestic experience by change of garb, the question still remains, whether the impression is not given to the weakness of natural feeling, or the triumphs of Christian faith. Whether we should symbolize the darkness of the grave as unenlightened by hope, or the light of the grave made luminous by the triumph of our Saviour and the glories of immortality beyond it? We may be sure there is something wrong in a Christian community where death is surrounded with associations of terror, where the young are reared to a horror of the sepulchre, where present grief rises up like a dark cloud, and shuts out the heaven, where sorrow seeks to make desolation and dress—everything conspires to shroud death and the grave with darkness. Has sorrow a right to be selfish? May it bear false witness against immortality? Has a Christian father bereaved a right to dress the name of such conduct: "There is no light in the grave, none beyond it, and no comfort for the bereaved but only black, black, black sorrow!" I never meet one muffled in black from head to foot without a certain horror. The spirit of crape is to me like the smell of a charnel house.

Did it ever occur to mourners to ask, what, if those for whom I grieve were to speak to me out of their blissful rest in heaven, would be their choice—that I should be shrouded like one in despair, or robed as one who mourns but with Christian hope?—*H. W. Beecher.*

The Italian Situation.

The officer commanding the French army supporting the Pope made a speech to a deputation of Pontifical officers on quitting Rome, in which he said: "We abandon Rome, but only to proceed to Civita Vecchia. Remember that behind the papal brigade which remains in your port *stands the French army*, ready to advance to your succor and that of the Holy See." A Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall *Gazette* says that the evacuation of Rome greatly mortified the French officers, who rather hoped to come into collision with the Italian army; and he added that these French officers certainly speak as bitterly of the Italians as of the Prussians, and blame their own Government for not showing fight to the Government of Florence.

As to the other side, we are told that all kinds of rumors are prevalent with respect to the ulterior intentions of the Italian Government, which is now supposed to be secretly favoring the manœuvres of the party of action. The same kind of accusation has been brought against it ever since the beginning of the Garibaldian troubles with the Pope. The course of conduct of the Italian authorities gave the charge enough of color to enable Napoleon to use it with great force as a justification for his own movements.

A SERMON.

Preached on Thanksgiving Day by S. C. Jennings, D. D.---Published by Request of the Valley Congregation, but Abridged.

Psalms 2:11—Rejoice with trembling.

This portion of divine counsel is given directly to kings and judges. In this Commonwealth the people are the sovereigns from whom all legislative, judicial and executive authority emanate. It will be, therefore, no misapplication of the text to apply it to them, and those who by their elective rule under the government of Him " by whom kings reign and princes decree justice."

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1868.

1867.

Few are so filled with the present, or so happy in the anticipation of the future, as not to be a little startled, or at least a little interested in the thought that another year has gone. Another circle of time (as the Romans called it) with its manifold births of good and evil—with its toils and their motives, its duties and their responsibilities, its hopes and fears, and their disappointment or realization—has gone to join the years before the flood—another link added to the great cycle of the ages. The thoughtful man looks before as well as after daily—and especially is he prompted to do so at a season so distinctly marked. Nor in looking back will he fix his eyes exclusively upon the events of his own house or his own land. In these times of rapid intercommunication of intelligence and rapid interaction of events; when the people of one hemisphere live virtually in the presence of whatever of importance takes place in the other; when a deed of heroism or a deed of shame performed in Washington or in London, within a few hours excites the thrill of generous admiration or of loathing disgust in Singapore, in Canton, and even under the shadow of the Himalayas; in these circumstances it is impossible to restrict our retrospect to our own country, or our own continent.

In glancing at Europe, and recalling the prominent events of the year just closed, there are several things which we may regard with satisfaction as affording ground of good hope for the future. It was impossible for us, either as men or republicans, to look with much complacency on the governmental spectacle presented by Germany a few years ago. A multitude, which no schoolboy could number, of most serene and most august kinglets, princelets and dukelings—with territories extending over so much as fifty-three square miles—with vast armies of fifty-five men, in which the officers, men of sublime rank, outnumbered the soldiers, perhaps, could hardly appear to any of us as as beings of peculiar sacredness. And each little court was surrounded with lords and ladies of blood quite ethereal in its purity, many of whom in their single persons combined with a poverty to excite compassion, a measure of pride to move contempt, and a measure of arrogance to move disgust. Indeed "proud as a German Baron" and "arrogant as a *Junker*, or young German aristocrat," are sayings become proverbial beyond the limits of Fatherland. The successful accomplishment of Count BISMARCK'S plan of German unification may surely be regarded by us as a step towards a consummation in which philanthropists will rejoice. Even while regretting the individual hardships and mortifications necessarily involved in the scheme, and feeling unable to applaud some of the measures rendered inevitable by it; still, upon the whole, we cannot help being glad that a great Protestant Power—long the enlightened promoter of popular education, the earnest patron of the sciences and the arts—and with a population constituted by its elements and educated by its history into energy, valor, and all the manly virtues—has at length become the central figure and directing Head of so many millions of men.

Italy presents a less satisfactory spectacle. But even in regard to Italy the events of last year do not kill hope. It is hard to judge the Italian people. They have been most justly appreciated and best described by some of their own writers. Their character has changed but little, radically, if at all, for many hundred years. In the fifteenth century MACHIAVELLI said of his countrymen: "There is great virtue in the members when it is not wanting in their heads or chiefs." As individuals how grand many of them have been in action—what force and energy of character—what resolution and persistence in the face of obstacles and discouragement.

> "To breast the blows of circumstance,
> And grapple with their evil star!"

How many names come to memory—but think only of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS!

But they have been for so many centuries ruled by foreigners whose policy has ever been to sow suspicion and distrust among them, that they seem utterly unable to act together for any considerable time, under the direction of one controlling mind. They have been so often deceived that they no longer have faith in anyone; or believe that anyone designs their ultimate good. GARIBALDI they trusted,—and while the work to be done was mainly to pull down, he was a good guide. But "heart of gold, head of buffalo," as D'AZEGLIO described him, they continued to believe in and follow him, when he was quite unequal to the trust. In consequence, they have not only postponed the accomplishment of the very object they most desired, but they appear likely to bring back their old division into petty sections, and have actually brought their King and so themselves into unworthy and humiliating relations with the great, bad man of Paris—who dictates to and snubs the King of Italy as compensation for the mortifications French vanity must endure from Prussia. We believe, however, that PETRARCH'S words—with which MACHIAVELLI closes his famous exhortation to his countrymen to rise against their barbarian oppressors—are still true—

> "L'antico valore
> Negli' Italici cuor non è ancor morto"

and we may not in any case utterly despair about a people in whose hearts true worth and valor continues to live.

In thinking of our own history during the past year, we cannot say that our predominant sentiment is one of exultation or even unmixed satisfaction. In remembrance of benefits received and apprehended evils averted, we might well all unite in a hymn of thanksgiving. As we heard a gentleman remark a few days ago, there are nations in Europe which might be sustained on our waste. But we are an ungrateful people—as a people we mean, of course, for that there are multitudes among us not open to any such charge, who doubts. It is a saddening fact, however; especially to the believer in popular government who desires to trust the people, it is a very depressing fact that so many of our countrymen, some of them legislators and men in high position, have been found able to listen patiently and with no outburst of indignant remonstrance to the exposition of schemes of gigantic fraud—schemes which, if carried out, will sink us all in one common abyss of degradation and infamy, and cause the representatives of our nation abroad, not only in Christendom, but in China, in India, and in the Pacific islands, to hang their heads in shame and almost disown the land of their birth. However, this feeling is premature. Many may not be a majority, and it is really incredible that this great, intelligent people with their churches, and schools, and books—with their admitted courage and sense of honor, shall ever thus degrade themselves in the eyes of mankind. We may still, therefore, be reasonably confident that no such overwhelming calamity awaits us as a nation; and that the distinction of rejecting a temptation offered to our baser natures after deliberately looking at it, will remain the chief result of the agitation of the subject.

NAPOLEON AND THE POPE.

The English press contain interesting articles on the situation in the dominions of the Pope. The action of the French Government on the Italian question is regarded as full of significance. It is declared that, while the French Government is committed to the cause of the Pope, NAPOLEON is no longer master of the situation. The London *Review* declares with emphasis, that "the Emperor, for the first time in his reign, has been the governed, not the governor." The policy is not his, but that of the Chamber of M. THIERS. He has been told, in effect, that he does not know how to manage the foreign affairs of France, and must hereafter consult the wishes of the Chamber, and carry out exactly and honestly what the Chamber demands. It is asserted that this humiliation of the Emperor has been brought about not only by the rising spirit of liberty in France, but by the conviction in the minds of his people that he is a failure, and no longer possesses the sagacity to lead them rightly. The present extraordinary position of France toward Italy is a declaration that Italy shall never have Rome, and that Rome shall be taken to mean the whole existing territory of the Pope. This guarantee is to be made good by the presence of French troops, and if Italy desires the removal of a foreign army from her territory, she must abandon all claim to regard the Romans as Italians. In this aspect of the case, Rome and the whole Pontifical territory will become to all intents and purposes a French province. What course Italy may pursue, and what alliances she may form in order to rid herself of the iron heel of France, are questions of absorbing interest. Her weakness is well known, but the jealousy with which other European nations have occasion to regard NAPOLEON, and his diplomatic interferences, may enure to the benefit of Italy, and bring to her a powerful support from quarters not now anticipated. At present Italy seems utterly powerless to resist, and must be content to await the development of events. The Pope must realize that he is now guaranteed against Italy, without any condition whatever as to reforms in the Roman territory, and will therefore be more than ever disposed to brave Italy and rely on France.

PERSONAL.

—Hon. Thaddeus Stevens has so far recovered from his recent indisposition that he is engaged in the preparation of a speech in favor of the Alaska appropriation bill. He insists that his health is not so poor as either his friends or enemies think it is.

—Dolly Davenport, having read over fifty obituary notices of himself, cut out from Northern newspapers, and forwarded to New Orleans, has come to the conclusion that he must be really dead, and now signs himself, accordingly, "Yours, truly, A. H. Davenport, deceased."

—Mr. C. A. Dana will be editor-in-chief of the new paper which will absorb the New York *Sun*. Mr. Bryington, of the Norwalk (Conn.) *Gazette*, will be its publisher, and Mr. I. W. England, city editor.

—James Roper, the largest landholder and wealthiest colored man in Jefferson county, Va., is dead. He was the natural son of an eccentric Englishman, who bequeathed to him a considerable fortune. He had a mania for adding to his large landed estate. Every year he would buy a farm, paying frequently large prices. In his habits he was intemperate, but his shrewdness did not forsake him when drunk. He never voted nor served on a jury.

—General Morgan L. Smith, before he went as Consul to the Sandwich Islands, got a divorce from his wife and married a new one. The first wife declares he succeeded through fraud, and is seeking to have the divorce case tried over. All of which is embarrassing to the new one.

—The woman, Cobb, no longer holds sway at Washington, but, it is said, has been succeeded in power and influence in high quarters by another female, the widow of an Indiana General of volunteers, of whose accomplishments and accomplishings strange stories are told by Washington gossips.

—The Cincinnati *Gazette* says that Chief Justice Slough, who was killed at Santa Fe by Captain Ryneson, was a native of that city. At one time he was a Democratic Representative in the Legislature from Hamilton county, from which body he was expelled, and the vacancy filled by the election of Robert House, Esq., Mr. Slough emigrated to New Mexico, and he went into the war as Colonel of the Colorado cavalry. He was subsequently Military Governor of Alexandria, Virginia, and was appointed Chief Justice of New Mexico by Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Johnson. He was related to the late Judge McLean.

—The celebrated Jacob Barker, of New Orleans, is before the Courts as a bankrupt. Mr. Barker has been a millionaire in his day. He is over 80 years of age, we think, and long before the present generation looked upon ledgers and bank-books, was one of the leading commercial powers of the country. The Rebellion, (in which we believe he was only passive), brought him to bankruptcy; but he would seem that the old fire is in him, and he is trying to shake off his load of debt, to take a chance once more in the lottery of trade.

—Henry Bewley, a rich Presbyterian of Dublin, Ireland, promised to devote all his dividends from Atlantic cable stock to religious uses. In fulfillment of this vow he has lately sent 100 tons of tracts to the Young Men's Christian Association, of Chicago, which are being distributed.

—In the memoir of Dr. Berthune, recently published, is the following anecdote: "One evening the doctor was crossing by the Fulton ferry; upon entering the cabin he found all the seats occupied, when a thick, husky voice cried, 'Dr. Berthune, Dr. Berthune.' Turning in its direction he found a man standing, who said, 'Doctor, take my seat, I am not worthy to have such a man a seat; ever since I heard of that big church in New York trying to get you away by giving a call of five thousand dollars, and you said you'd see 'em d—d first, I have had a great respect for you, and I think it an honor to give you a seat.'"

—Gen. Grant, in his days of insignificance and poverty, used to furnish wood to the family of Congressman H. T. Blow, hauling it himself. On a recent occasion Mrs. Blow attended one of the General's receptions, and he greeted her as follows: "Mrs. Blow, I remember you well. What great changes have taken place since we last met." "Yes, General," remarked Mrs. B., "the war is over." "I did not mean that," he replied; "I mean with myself. Do you not recollect when I used to supply your husband with wood and pile it myself, and measure it too, and go to his office for my pay?" "Oh, yes, General, your face was familiar in those days." "Mrs. Blow, those were happy days; for I was doing the best I could to support my family."

—Pike, the proprietor of the new Opera House, now almost completed, at the corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue, New York city, is endeavoring to buy the whole block, intending, if he succeeds in purchasing, to erect a large hotel.

—A clergyman asked some children, "Why do we say in the Lord's prayer, 'Who art in heaven,' since God is everywhere?" He saw a little drummer who looked as if he could give an answer and turned to him for it. "Well, little soldier, what say you?" "Because it's headquarters."

—In Mr. Howell's charming "Italian Journeys," we find a remarkable receipt for soup, differing certainly from any put forth by Mons. Blot or Mrs. Putnam. It came from "the only honest man in Italy," whom our countryman met in the diligence of Padua: "Stuff a goose with sausage; let it hang in the weather during the winter; and in the spring cut it up and stew it, and you have an excellent and delicate soup." That must be so!

—"No Thoroughfare," the new Christmas story by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, seems to have called out a variety of opinions as to how much of the story Mr. Dickens has written. Of the forty-one pages in the Boston edition, Wilkie Collins is responsible for just eighteen pages, the rest being from the pen of Charles Dickens.

It is stated from Washington that the "Whisky Ring is not strong enough to encircle Congress, and that the day of its reign is over." It has been well said that the whisky tax is the key to the financial situation, and the country is waiting for Congress to take the proper action. It is a disgrace to the country that the "Ring" should be stronger than the government.

A PHILANTHROPIC Englishman has sent nine tons of religious tracts to Chicago for free circulation. Looking over the world, and taking all things into the account, he could discover no spot in greater need of this description of moral influence.

FALSIFICATION OF PORT WINE.—A letter from the English Secretary of Legation in Portugal, states that for a hundred years not a single drop of pure Port wine has been sent to London, the compound kept in the London docks being fabricated in the following manner: The first grapes of the season are macerated in a vat with elderberries, from which and not, therefore, disposed to do any wrong to a newspaper especially devoted to "my policy." Oil and whisky may not mix chemically any more than oil and water, but they make a terrible confederation when combined as they were in the late elections.

GENTLEMEN are in Washington with letters from military and civil officials in Georgia and South Carolina, to urge upon Congressmen and General Grant the imperative necessity for doing something at once to relieve the suffering in those States. They say it is not confined to either race, but that in many sections the whites are even worse off than the blacks. They think more aid must be given in South Carolina this winter than was needed last season. The situation in Georgia is not quite so bad as it was a year ago.

PRIVATE advices from New Orleans state that a strong political movement in favor of nominating General Grant for President is being developed among the Republicans, and that Grant clubs are being organized in every precinct of the city. Among the leaders in the movement are many persons who were foremost in the organization of the General Butler Republican clubs last summer.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The Huguenots: Their Settlements, Churches and Industries in England and Ireland. With an appendix relating to the Huguenots in America. This excellent book is by Samuel Smiles, the author of "Lives of the Engineers." Those who have read his life of the elder Stephenson know his skill in giving interest to dry details. In histories, essays and memoirs of the most diverse character, the Huguenots are perpetually turning up in various countries—a fact to be referred to their dispersion by persecution, especially by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In this work the reader will find his feeling of curiosity or interest fully satisfied, and much besides to throw light on subjects not directly implied in the title. The sketch here given of the early history of Printing, and the sketch of Palissy, the Potter, will gratify even those who have already read much on the subjects. In fact, the book is entertaining from beginning to end, and as a work of reference will be found highly satisfactory, as it is provided with a good index. We give one extract from it, in which a King appears very little and a Potter very great:

"The French historian D'Aubigne, in his *Universal History*, describes Henry III. as visiting Palissy in person, with the object of inducing him to abjure his faith. 'My good man,' said the King, 'you have now served my mother and myself for forty-five years. We have put up with your adhering to your religion amid fires and massacres. But now I am so pressed by the Guise party, as well as by my own people, that I am constrained to leave you in the hands of your enemies, and to-morrow you will be burnt unless you become converted.' Palissy answered the unconquerable old man, 'I am ready to give my life for the glory of God. You have said many times that you have pity on me; now I have pity on you, who have uttered only the words 'I am constrained.' It is not spoken like a King, sire; it is what you and those who constrain you, the Guisards and all your people, can never effect upon me, for I know how to die.'" [Published by Harper & Brothers. On sale at H. Miner's.]

Life and Letters of Geo. W. Bethune, D. D.; by Rev. A. R. Van Nest, D. D. Dr. Bethune passed away from the world under circumstances very unfavorable to the due recognition of his merits at the time. He not only died in a foreign land, but in one of the darkest seasons of our late war. Then we could no more take account of the departed than a ship's crew with their vessel on her beam ends in a typhoon can lower a boat to recover a comrade washed over board. He did not die unnoticed, but had he died just before, or since the war, the notice taken of the event would have been very different. For Dr. Bethune—in the old phrase—was not only every inch a man,—and he was a man of many inches,—but he was much more than an ordinary man. We are gratified to be able to announce a memorial of him in the form of a biography, which if not prepared with much enthusiasm or great skill, is reasonably well written and is of only reasonable length. It would be melancholy indeed, if the fate of second burial under bales of paper, had been permitted to fall upon that fiery spirit, simply because he happened to be a preacher as well as a scholar and a poet. The "one more unfortunate" is not to be lamented in the person of Dr. Bethune.

We desire to excite an interest in this work and its subject in those who at present know little or nothing about him or it. Perhaps the best way of doing that will be to tell them a few of the things to be found in this book. This biography may be looked upon as an off-shoot or long note to the book above noticed. Though Dr. Belthune's name does not occur in Mr. Smiles's work, it ought, or at least has a right to be named therein. On his father's side he was of French Huguenot descent, and was a scion of the old family of Picardy, who gave their name to the town of Bethune, on the Canal of Aire. Of course his French ancestors pronounced themselves *Batoon*, while he called himself *Beaton*, according to the Scotch transmogrification of the name. His ancestor was driven by persecution to Scotland. His father, Divie Bethune, emigrated first to West Indian Tobago, and then to New York, where he became a prosperous merchant, and where Geo. W., the Doctor, was born in 1805. The Doctor's mother was a daughter of Isabella Graham, a woman so devout and so energetic in doing what she thought right that her name is still fresh in the memory and respect of many thousands. In another church she might have been canonized, George was a lively child; intellectually precocious, his biographer seems to imply. At any rate, casuality, as the phrenologists call it, must have been early developed, for he was one day found in the garden "struggling with the old cat to bury her in the ground, that she might grow kittens." To the same trait must be referred a remark made by him when somewhat older—"My hat is a little too large; however, if I stuff a little more Latin and Greek into my sap-head, I shall be able to fill it." As a boy he appears to have been full of life, of self-assertion, and of exuberant mirthfulness. Rather indolent, however, and giving his father much anxiety on that account, as well as on account of his want of reverence for authority. While a small boy he caned two teachers in succession, revolutionizing the natural and constitutional state of things in the most astonishing manner, as both these gentlemen, in the exercise of a painful duty, had attempted to chastise him. "Such a boy is a *sinner!*" as the Bishop of Hippo said of his own youthful self about a very different matter. One of these teachers was the once well-known blind Dr. Nelson. A great subject of concern to his parents was his indifference to religion; we should rather say, his contempt for its claims upon him. No doubt the old story—true of so many sons of Scotch and Scotch Irish religious people—it was injudiciously thrust upon him in the form of traditional teaching and hereditary observances not in seeming accordance with the life and notions of his world. At New York he was for a while a student of Columbia College, where one of his instructors was Charles Anthon, familiarly known as "Bull" among his irreverent pupils. Dr. Mason having gone to Carlisle as President of Dickinson College, young Bethune was transferred to that quiet village, where his brother-in-law, Mr. Duffield, was pastor of a church. And there he was graduated in 1824. During this year, at Carlisle, he passed through a crisis of his life much more important than graduation. In the midst of a season of spiritual interest in the village, he became the subject of religious convictions so deep and powerful as completely to change the current of his thoughts and purposes, as well as his view of life and its relations. Not only to his friends but to all who knew him the change was obvious and unmistakable. Nor was this change either transient or superficial. We now know that it was radical and permanent. He resolved to become a preacher of the gospel, and for thirty-seven years neither his feelings nor his resolution seem to have either flagged or wavered. His near relatives, indeed nearly all those whom he had learned to revere, were religious after the symbol of faith which he had now adopted as his own. He does not appear to have ever indulged in general reading, while a boy, and when the taste for that amusement was at length awakened, its range was among the English classics of the times of Elizabeth and Anne. His health was good; for him to breathe was to enjoy. Hence when brought under the influence of the sentiments which so powerfully moulded and controlled his subsequent career, he does not appear to have been troubled at all by those doubts and misgivings, with which a more meditative or speculative spirit would have had to contend. Happily for himself he was probably never led either by natural disposition or by the impulse of books or companions, to brood over the enigma of the world—those problems discussed thousands of years ago "in the tents of Arab emirs," as we learn from the book of Job—and which, a little more than a hundred years since, filled the bright soul of young Goethe, amidst his Hebrew studies, with "dark questioning." No doubt he thought of them in a sense; the problems were laid before him, and the answers which had satisfied his father and mother, proved satisfactory to him. In the seminary, we learn of his reading Paley, and doubtless he found the mental pabulum pleasant to his taste and nutritious. Upon the foundation of scholarship laid in New York and in Carlisle he continued to build with creditable diligence. We learn of his purchasing the Regent's classics —about one hundred volumes—and he studied many of them. At a later period of his life—when he was actively connected with several benevolent societies—was frequently called on for addresses—was a copious contributor to magazines—and was besides pastor of a large and intelligent city congregation—we learn that in a single winter he read all Euripides in Greek. But he does not appear to have ever meddled much with either the facts or the speculations of science, or to have, in any adequate degree, appreciated the bearings of these subjects and their methods on the foundations of his own profession. This view is sustained by Dr. Wyne's account of his library—quoted in the memoir. Hence we need not look to Dr. Bethune for a solution, or help towards a solution of any of the tremendous questions of our time. He was essentially a man of the old world, and as such must be judged. As such he was in several directions admirable and noble. And hence there is a certain help, at least some stimulus in contemplating his life and knowing how he lived it.

When the cholera first broke out in Utica, and the people generally were dehumanized by craven fear, and an unknown stranger, at one of the hotels, seized with the disease, was turned out by the wayside to die, Dr. Bethune lifted him in his arms, took him to his own house, and had him cared for till he got well. When, on another occasion, asked by a member of his family why he looked so pleased, he told, with delight, how he had been able to make a poor woman happy, by filling her market basket with something better than she could afford to buy. "It is cold: very cold!" he said, as he wrapped his cloak about him, in the presence of several rich men of his church, after Thanksgiving service, on a bleak November day, "oh remember the poor!" At Rome, "he was unable to enjoy himself over the graves of buried millions." Though a Calvinist of the Calvinists, he held pleasant intercourse with accomplished priests of the church farthest from Geneva. And when Gavazzi, in his presence at a public meeting, denounced an eminent jurist, because a Roman Catholic, Dr. B. left the house; saying, "T. is a most pure man, Gavazzi knows nothing about us." Though a zealous reformer, and a most powerful platform speaker, he never uttered a word, or took a step in the direction of fanaticism. When to please his wife, and perhaps gratify his own liberal curiosity, he went one night to the San Carlo Opera, at Naples, and a flare-up and a secession took place in his church in consequence, Dr. Bethune was laid up with a spell of sickness. Indeed, he was as sensitive, not only to public opinion, but to individual judgments, as if he had been ignorant that every community has within it a few male and female quidnuncs of unclean minds and unclean mouths, who, without the bird's infallible instinct, snuff the breezes for moral taint as the vulture snuffs them for something more substantial, and who gather and caw around a mangled name, very much as we have seen crows in the East, where they are shockingly tame, gathering and cawing around a sick camel left by a hurrying caravan to die. Our sympathy once prompted us to drive them away—experience admonished us that it was of no use. "Nature expelled with a fork will come back." Dr. Bethune was very fond of fishing. He had, perhaps, the largest collection of books relating to the subject anywhere to be found, and his most important contribution to literature is his edition of Izaak Walton. But unlike the sporting clergymen of other lands, he never, when on his excursions, forgot the great work to which he had consecrated himself. He founded a church among the destitute of the Thousand Islands, whither he used to go in summer for his favorite amusement, and maintained it mainly out of his own pocket, or the pockets of his particular friends. To be sure, it seems a low enthusiasm for a preacher of righteousness to excel in hooking little fishes not needed for food; however, he shared the taste with some really wise men, and we may believe that it was the natural scenery of the meadows, woods and streams that chiefly attracted him. In this volume there is a beautiful narrative of a professional adventure that befel him on one of these piscatorial jaunts.

Dr. Bethune loved all that was good and noble wherever found. He appreciated and loved literature, and there was no narrowness in his judgment of it. He was himself a true poet—not a great one—but many of his verses and several of his short poems are such as never fell from the poetaster as happy accidents. Few ever possessed a more intelligent or discerning eye for the beautiful, or could describe it with a more fervid grace. After seeing at Dresden Rauch's monument of Queen Louise (the wise and beautiful Queen of Prussia) he writes: "I was silent for an hour after I left the building, following my guide about the grounds almost unconsciously." Again, writing of Raphael's Sistine Madonna, he says: "I have gazed upon it for hours, and shall carry it away upon my heart. That picture is really worth my whole journey." These sentences are quoted in illustration of his feeling—not of his descriptive power.

Dr. Bethune's views on some subjects of general interest have been much misrepresented. For example, he has been sometimes spoken of as pro-slavery in sentiment. From this book we learn what we did not doubt before, that he looked upon slavery as it existed in the South as a crime, and long ago described it as such. We believe—for we were the host with unsurpassed dignity and grace.

The Empress, on the contrary, though past forty, is still gay, extravagantly fond of dress and show, and always anxious to be surrounded by a brilliant social circle. She has gathered about her, as ladies of her household, some of the most beautiful, accomplished, and well read dames of the capital, and spends a great deal of time with them. She also has for companionship the members of the Murat-Bonaparte family, some of whom—for instance, the Duke and Duchess de Mouchy and the Princess Achille and Joseph—are just such gay, fashionable people as she likes to be with. Another marked contrast between the Emperor and Empress is that while the latter is a very pious and faithful Catholic, the Emperor manifests little or no interest in religious matters. Sunday is one of his hardest working days; and though Eugenie never fails to be present in the Tuileries Chapel at the morning *messe*, her spouse is scarcely ever to be seen there.

Court Customs in Abyssinia.

If English Ambassadors get imprisoned in Abyssinia, they have sometimes to undergo curious ceremonies at the courts of other barbaric potentates. Colonel Fytche, Envoy of the Viceroy in India to the King of Burmah, had a magnificent reception by that potentate and the 11th of October, accompanied by the display of an imposing military force, entered the outer stairs of the palace the Ambassador was made to take off his boots and walk through the muddy court in his stockings. Arrived in the royal presence he had to squat so as to hide his feet, and make a prostration, or perform *kow-tah*. It is true that Europeans are not required to fall flat on their faces, but the position is difficult, and the ceremony requires considerable practice. A correspondent says:

"Except to a juggler, the attitude is impossible. As it was known that Col. Fytche has tried to avoid the degradation of thus adoring Bonmeee majesty in both the Burmese and English fashions, his final defeat has been much chuckled over, and has been a cause of triumph to the King and Court."

If diplomatic appointments are made for merits on the system of competitive examinations recently discussed in the banner, and has been a cause of triumph to the King and Court."

If diplomatic appointments are made for merits on the system of competitive examinations gymnastics ought to enter largely into the course of preparation. After all, this ceremony, though more humiliating, according to our ideas, is scarcely more absurd than that required on presentation to her Britannic Majesty. You are not required to go barefoot, but you must take off your trousers up to the knees, wear a wig, get stripped up with a useless sword, and be dressed altogether as if you were going to play in an old comedy. That is how-tow translated into English.

New York Politics.

A New York letter says: "The Grant movement is gaining strength steadily. The committee of twenty-five, appointed by direction of the meeting at Cooper Institute has just got to work, and so we have the novel spectacle of A. T. Stewart, Wm. B. Astor, Commodore Vanderbilt and Moses H. Grinnell engineering a political campaign.

"The Fenton organizations are also becoming more numerous. A big central club has been formed in Albany, and also local ones in the State. The number of newspapers that have declared in favor of his nomination is over one hundred and fifty.

"There is no strong Chase party here. Indeed, the Judge is almost hated here as ungrateful, cold-blooded, and void of judgment.

"The primary elections for organizing the Republicans of this city for 1868, were held last night, and were quite animated. The energetic members of the party have been elected, and present indications are that improved policy will be the result. That is the best thing which can be done.

"The Democrats are burnishing up. Tammany Hall has just issued a pronunciamento calling the callow Democratic Unionists and the hoary Mozarters home to the maternal bosom.

"But the Presidential controversy is not easy to settle. The moderate men, Copperhead in principle, but not in overt act, are for 'Hancock' and 'Adams,' hoping to bait the Conservatives. But the orthodox Democrats, who believe in the lost cause, demand a representative man, and if much art is not used, will get him."

MR. BANCROFT writes an interesting letter to Mr. Seward in regard to the present Constitution of Germany. He says the present Germany is a united State, having a sea coast extending from Russia to Holland, a mercantile marine superior to that of any European Continental Power, inferior only to that of Great Britain and to that of the United States; a population of thirty millions, of whom more than two-thirds are Protestants, and all are interested to read and write, and all trained to the use of arms, rises up in the center of Europe, equal in culture, courage, and prospective, if not immediate influence, to any government in Europe. Contiguous to the State has treaties with States containing 10,000,000 more inhabitants, whose armies in time of war are to be placed under the command of the President of the United States of North Germany.

The "differences" between Hon. Charles Sumner and his wife, have not, it seems, as has been reported, been amicably adjusted, and the New York *Home Journal*—high authority in such matters—has the following, indicating that there is no likelihood that such will ever be the case: "We have good authority for stating that the differences between Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner, which have caused so much unpleasant gossip and scandal, have been finally settled by a permanent separation, with the mutual consent and desire of both parties, and their best friends. The direct cause of this separation is simply the fact that they were ten days too late—that there exists between the parties an incompatibility of temperament and opinion upon certain social questions, which precludes the possibility of their living happily together as man and wife."

An extensive foundry, just completed, owned by Beard & Sons, in Toronto, was destroyed by fire yesterday evening. Loss not ascertained.

STATE ITEMS.

One of the largest barns in Dauphin county, located in Harrisburg, was destroyed by fire Sunday evening—the act of an incendiary. Among the contents destroyed were one thousand bushels of grain, one blooded horse, eight hogs, four calves, eight cows. The property belonged to Jacob R. Eby. The incendiary was seen escaping.

The Reno Oil and Land Company's property is to be turned over to-day to Hon. C. V. Culver's management, who proposes to operate it in the interest of the creditors of Culver, Penn & Co. The immediate proximity of the Hasson well to this property cannot fail to render it much more valuable.

A District Presbyterian Union Convention, composed of the ministers of the several Presbyterian churches, and one Elder from each of the said churches within the counties of Erie, Warren, Crawford, Venango and Mercer is to meet in the First Presbyterian Church of Meadville, on Tuesday, the 28th day of January, 1868, at 7 o'clock P. M. The convention will be opened with a sermon by Rev. George A. Lyon, D. D., of Erie.

The Rev. Henry Harbaugh, D. D., Theological Professor in the Seminary of the Reformed Church, Mercersburg, Franklin county, departed this life on Saturday last, at four o'clock, after a lingering illness. The deceased was in the prime of life, and occupied an eminent position not only in his own church but in the religious world, having taken an active part in the interests of his own denomination, especially in the liturgical movement now agitating that church.

Hon. G. Dawson Coleman, of Lebanon, has donated the old Dawson family mansion at the corner of Front and Vine streets, in Philadelphia, to the Pennsylvania Seaman's Friend Society, with the stipulation that it shall be applied to no uses that will not directly contribute to the moral and mental wellbeing of the sailors. The society intend to alter the building at once, and to organize it according to these humane conditions. Mr. Coleman is an old Philadelphian, and the opulent owner of the great iron works, near Lebanon, where he resides. He is the present Republican Senator from the Sixteenth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Lebanon and Dauphin.

On Saturday afternoon last a terrific boiler explosion occurred on lease No. 13, of Benninghoff Hill, by which two men were seriously injured, and a third dangerously if not fatally scalded. It seems that preparations were being made to withdraw the tubing and casing from the well on this lease, and the boiler had been charged during the morning and a fire started. About noon Messrs. William and Daniel Bement entered the engine house for the purpose of starting the engine, and a few moments afterward the explosion occurred, fatally injuring Daniel Bement, and seriously scalding Wm. Bement and O. D. Harrington.

The Erie *Dispatch* says: The Pennsylvania and Erie Canal has had its full share of business this year. The gross amount of tonnage carried on it and left at all points is 337,374 tons. Of this 165,850 tons were received at and shipped from Erie, which includes coal, iron ore, lime stone and miscellaneous freight; of lumber, staves, &c., 5,732 tons, and of goods, iron, nails, &c., 5,056 tons. Of iron ore the amount is near 50,000 tons, and of coal not far from 100,000 tons have been brought into this port. The number of boats cleared from Erie was 1,956, and the arrivals not far from 2,000.

OHIO NEWS.

The farm on which Bishop Ames, of the Methodist Church, was born was recently sold for thirty-five dollars per acre. It is near Amesville, Athens county.

The Gallipolis *Journal* says that Peter Cartwright, the venerable and well known Methodist preacher, who is still vigorous at the age of eighty-two, preached in that place over fifty years ago.

During the week ending December 28, three hundred and eighty-one emigrants passed through Columbus. Of this number seventy propose to settle in Ohio, one hundred and three in Missouri, eighty-two in Illinois, forty in Indiana, twenty-three in Kentucky, twenty-six in Wisconsin, and thirty-seven in Tennessee.

The Marietta *Register* says: John Gregory, of Ludlow township, who will be eighty-eight years old next week, Sunday last rode twenty-five miles on horseback, the other day, coming into town to testify in the contested election case, that he voted the Union ticket at the last October election. He is a native of Philadelphia, but lived about half a century in Augusta county, Virginia, fifteen or eighteen years in Monroe county, Ohio, and for the last thirty-eight years in Ludlow. He bids fair now to reach his one hundredth year. His parents were German.

The "veteran" of the Ohio press, John Saxton, of the Ohio *Repository*, at Canton, has sold out his interest in that paper, after publishing it fifty-three years. He is seventy-five years of age, and will still remain connected with the *Repository*, as editor.

Remedy for the Whisky Frauds.

The following is the remedy proposed for the whisky frauds by the Chicago *Tribune*. It says it has reason to believe it is substantially under consideration in the right quarter:

1. Abolish the warehousing system, and allow no "whisky in bond."

2. Abolish all power in any Collector, Assessor, Inspector, District Attorney or other officer, to discontinue, compromise or settle any suit, fine, penalty or forfeiture; this discretion or power to be taken away as well from the officers at Washington as from those in the districts.

3. All taxes to be levied upon the capacity of the still, whether it is employed or not, and no whisky to be removed from the still house until the full excise is paid.

4. No distilling to be permitted without a bond for a faithful compliance with the law, and the bonds, as well as the tax, to be a lien upon the *real and personal estate* of the signers of the bond and owners of the still.

7. All frauds committed, or knowingly permitted, by Revenue officers, to be made felony, punishable in all cases by imprisonment as a felon, in addition to the pecuniary penalty.

8. Indemnity to all distillers and other persons who shall give information against bribery and corruption, malfeasance and betrayal of duty by any officer of the revenue, upon condition of appearing and testifying to the truth in such cases.

9. Granting to each and every person who has or may hereafter pay any fee, contribution or allowance, bribe or sum of money, directly or indirectly, to any officer of the revenue as hush money, or for any other corrupt purpose, the right to recover the same with interest by suit in any of the United States Courts.

10. A tax of one dollar per gallon on all whisky and spirits on hand in the country, to be collected from the owners or holders, and to be paid on penalty of seizure and confiscation.

The Two New York Money Kings.

Commodore Vanderbilt and Alexander T. Stewart reign over two different empires, in which neither of them has a rival. The Commodore represents railroad wealth; while Stewart represents the wealth of merchandise. The Commodore never sold a yard of dry goods, while Stewart is the prince of tape measurers. Both are great builders, but the Commodore builds nothing but mammoth passenger and freight depots, while Stewart erects marble stores and marble houses. Both have a great passion for real estate and also for horses, though in the latter specialty the Commodore outstrips his rival. Stewart has some fine animals, but none equal to the winged coursers of the Commodore. Both are old men who have spent many weary years in building up fortunes which they must soon leave to hungry heirs. Among the points of difference which distinguish these two kings is that of personal appearance. Stewart is slender and careworn; while the Commodore is of large size and finely developed, weighing nearly as much as three of the former, and with an easy and, in fact, rather jolly countenance. Stewart, though married, is childless; while the Commodore has a large family of sons, several of whom are connected with his railways as Vice Presidents, though none of them inherit his gains. We believe that these two Kings seldom meet and have but little in common. They occasionally dash past one another in their drives, and then one may notice the slight bow by which they confess recognition. Each feels that his Empire is distinct, and they have no desire to invade each other's realms. Stewart would be lost if he were thrown among a crowd of railroad contractors, and the Commodore would make a poor dalster at dry goods. Hence they dwell apart and divide the empire of wealth.—*Rochester Democrat.*

MR. BULLOCK, of Bristol, Rhode Island, aged ninety-eight years, was lately saved from death by a pet cat, who saw the bed had taken fire, and comprehending the exigency of the case, broke a pane in the window, jumped out, ran round to another window, broke a pane there and ran in, awoke another member of the family, and tore at the bed clothes until he got up and discovered the danger of his aged relation.

That is an immense cat story.

THE Atlanta (Ga.) *New Era*, referring to the late caucus resolution in favor of Judge Chase, says: "The meeting in question did not represent the Convention. Our information is, that the meeting was an informal one; the nomination was made after the close of the caucus, when everybody voted "aye" in order to get a chance to go home, and while there were members of the Convention in the caucus, it was not a formal caucus of the Convention, as we understand it.

TWELVE WHEELED CARS.—The Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway Company, says the Chicago *Post*, are about to add twelve-wheeled state room and sleeping cars to the silver palace line now running through between Chicago and New York. The security against accident which twelve-wheeled cars afford, will and ought to make them popular with the public. We do not now recall an instance of serious accident to cars built upon this pattern. Six wheels are better than four, and eight better than six. We trust the time is near when one of those four-wheeled agencies of destruction will be altogether unknown.

THE CAPITAL.

Special Dispatch to the Commercial.

WASHINGTON, December 31, 1867.

New Years Observance.

The old year is going out here in a furious snow storm, which commenced at noon to-day. It will not interfere, however, with the elaborate preparations made by the Government officials for the observance of New Year's Day. The President will receive the diplomatic corps and the officers of the army and navy in the morning, and the public in the afternoon. Secretary Seward will also receive the diplomatic corps. All of the members of the Cabinet, Speaker Colfax and such Senators and Representatives as are in town, will keep open houses, while all minor Government and corporate officials will observe the day in like manner.

Constitutionality of Reconstruction.

No test case involving the constitutionality of the reconstruction acts has yet been carried up to the Supreme Court, but active measures are in preparation by the opponents of those laws to have the question brought before the court in some shape. Ex-Attorney General Black

Weekly Commercial.

CHRISTMAS IS—

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE!" are words
To thrill the penitent heart, as Jesus' Love
Is the spirit breathed upon all its chords.

But words so blessed of men can be spoken
Into the heart whose life-fullness has been broken
By penitence—and then, in every tone,
All love to words is wafted, and the Love been given
Through Angels' to our prayers,) they sound of Heaven!

No less, no lower sooner than Heaven its yawns
To Angels who reverently wing, as of the breath
Of the all-uplifting Christ, are warm in earth,
Or those we pray yet. Warm with Heaven's love they
reach
All faith in Him who first the victory won
Over sin in life, and o'er all death in death.

In vain the pride of human sufficiency
Has tried to find a harder way to enter here;
Has tried to find another track and life
Than the Eternal Truth, the immortal life
Revealed in Him. But nothing has sufficed,
And nothing ever can suffice, to show
The peace, the sure peace, the wondrous strife
Of self accusing conscience that within
Man's heart makes room for the wounds of sin
That bring it nothing lower, nothing less
Than faith in Him—as one omniposten
To earth!

Are, nothing lower, nothing less
Than what Christ is and gives and promises,
Can meet man's manifold necessities.
Answer his soul's deep yearnings, fulfill
His heart's anticipations, and begin
Out of the infinite fullness of the Love
His infinite longings,—nothing less, or lower,
Can give to Faith and Hope immovable
Foundation that on Time and Chance defy.

To-day, as God, from Heaven's high throne He
saith
All that, as fellow man, on earth He said;
Whatever Grace through all the past hath said,
Whatever Love hath breathed of Heaven's rest,
Now unto each, according to his need,
The all-gracious Savior, by His Spirit, saith.
The sounding Sea that with its sinful hum to plead
—some who so, ye humble ones, and take
Up your cross, and follow Me!—and to the stars,
Though men oppose, say Father, for my sake;
I will atone you life, and love you to His stars."

O, hear the Savior! He is Christ, the Lord;
The fullness of all life is in his word;

And what a testimony here is brought
From Heaven and when! What immeasurable love
The Spirit of Jesus worketh here to prove!
Come! in such Holy One to work for nought!
'Faithful and true' is He that witnesseth,
And from high Heaven and down the ages saith
To the generations of the earth—and then
This Nay—*That not by bread alone man liveth;*
But Yea—*But by the mouth of God!* Amen!

O, hear the Savior! He is Christ the Lord;
The fullness of all life is in His word;
'Tis Him is Yea, and to Him is Amen.
Pittsburgh, Pa. J. M. MACRUM.

A DEBT COLLECTED.

A Tale the "Bestof Society."

It was a dingy, ill—ventilated little cell in the topmost stratum of one of those immense, human beehives that people call "tenement houses"—a room where wash-tubs and children, kettles and kittens, potato-parings and clothes-pins were scattered about in reckless disregard of the divine principles of order. Dr. Maynard stood still in the middle of the chaos, afraid to move lest he should step into the starch bowl or on one of the children who swarmed about the floor.

Dr. Maynard had recently come in possession of this property by the death of a relative, nor was he particularly pleased with his new acquisition. The few rents which it had made were not accompanied by any particularly agreeable reminiscences; in fact he dreaded them as a civilized colonist might dread an irruption into the savage jungles of an African wilderness. Dr. Maynard had always made human nature a study, but this seemed scarcely human in its old, Celtic developments.

"Of all the people I ever stumbled across," said Dr. Maynard, "the Irish are the most improvident. What is the reason I can never get my rent on this floor? The German people down stairs are always ready, and the American tenants are models of punctuality. It really a very uncomfortable thing to me?"

"Sure sir, 'tisn's my fault," said Mrs. Tooley lifting the corner of her coarse checked apron to her eyes, partly to catch the tears that always rose readily to her muddy blue eyes, and partly to hide the flush of mortification that suffused her freckled cheek; while Terry and Mike and little Norah clung to their mother's voluminous skirts in a sort of vague apprehension that something was wrong, although their tiny minds could hardly take in the full meaning of the catastrophe that was disturbing their domestic peace.

"Not your fault, Mrs. Tooley!" repeated Dr. Maynard, in sharp accents. "But it never is your fault, according to your own story."

"My mon Isaick, with the rhumatiz in his knee joints," apologized the Irish woman, "and it's hard work we have to get aloag and provide the bit and sup for the growin' childher, myself knows the rent ought to be paid, and if you'll have a little patience, sir, dear—"

"Patience, patience, patience!" ejaculated the doctor, each word uttered in a key somewhat higher than the last. "One ought to have the patience of Job, set along with a pack of such tenants as I have. Why don't you work?"

Mrs. Tooley glared a little reproachfully at the wash-tub in the corner—a sort of altar enshrined in the incense of dirty clothes—and—

"Indade, sir, I tried my best; and I had hoped to have the money ready for you to day, but Mrs. Napier put me off, as she has done many a time, bad luck to her. It's the girls' new dresses cost so much, says she, and I'm too impudent, altogether, Bridget, says she—and me starr'in' for the money that's me own, and not hers at all, at all!"

"Do you mean Mrs. Napier!" asked Dr. Maynard.

"Sure I do, sir, and it's nine dollars and sixty cents she's owin' me for the sweat of me brow and the work of me hands, and me chapped hands," said Bridget Tooley, looking down at the red and parbolled members aforesaid.

"And won't she pay you!"

"Niver a red cent, though I told her Patrick had the rhumatiz, and the children hadn't bread and salt to be comfortable. She's never paid me since I began to wash for her five weeks ago the very last Tuesday that ever was."

"Its a shame," said Dr. Maynard, laconically.

"Sure, and it is, sir," assented Bridget, mockingly "but what can a poor body do?"

Dr. Maynard muttered something under his breath. Mrs. Tooley could just catch here and there a disjointed word of the Bible sentence having regard to "grinding the faces of the poor."

"Well, Bridget, your're not so much to blame as I thought you were," said he, in a milder tone, as he turned abruptly on his heel. "I'll call again next week, and I want more than likely you'll have the money by that time."

"The blessing of all saints be about yez and over yez," whined the relieved Bridget.

But the unceremonious exit of the doctor cut short Mrs. Tooley's showers of blessings and unnecessary details. Dr. Maynard went slowly down the echoing uncarpeted stair, with his hands in his pockets, and his brows contracted in a brown study.

As he entered his office, several b'ocks, below, the first thing that met his eye was on a note written on perfumed pink paper, and sealed with a gorgeous heraldic device in rose-colored wax.

"Hum-um!" muttered the doctor between his closed lips. "Mr. Napier's compliments; pleasure of Dr. Maynard's company to dinner on Friday evening, at 9 o'clock. Another, eh? Well—well—well—these things are not to much to my fancy, but I believe I—" will," repeated the doctor, thoughtfully stroking his chin, a habit he often had when his mind was busy at work.

And then he sat down to his desk and wrote a formal note of acceptance, as stiff and short as he was himself.

The Napier mansion, a showy edifice of stucco and plate glass, after a rather doubtful style of architecture, was all in a blaze of light and flowers when Dr. Maynard arrived there on the eventful Thursday evening, a few minutes before 9 o'clock. Mrs. Napier, in a silver-green moire antique, and quivering ornaments of pearls, received him with smiling urbanity, and Miss Theodosia Agnes Napier, in an artless imitation of white muslin and half-open rose-buds, emblematic of her own youth, directed her sweetest glances towards the stiff old bachelor doctor, whose wealth was reputed to be so considerable. Other guests were also assembled—the *elite* of the city—and Mrs. Napier's heart thrilled with pride and pleasure as she glanced around upon the various personages grouped about her rooms.

Mrs. Napier was a Napoleon in social life—an Alexander in cerinoline. If she had been a man she would have left an impression on the shores of time; being a woman her sphere was necessarily more contracted. Born a parvenue, she had resolved from the very first to storm the walled citadels of society. Always struggling with limited means, adverse circumstances, and unlucky combinations of events, Mrs. Napier had yet set herself to conquer Fate, and she had nearly achieved her purpose. Outward appearances were her *forte*, and as to principle, Mrs. Napier was as unscrupulous as an European statesman. Now she was beginning to reap the harvest of her labors, and waited for so long, and her spirit rose up within her exultant in spite of the supercilious insolence with which many of her guests treated her.

"They need a lesson, these foolish aspiring upstarts," he said within himself, "and this is the most fitting opportunity for administering it."

So the tide of dinner talk ebbed and flowed, and *bon mots* sparkled with evanescent glitter, and people laughed at they scarcely knew what, and the rose beaded champagne circled round and round the board, and Mrs. Napier thought to herself: "It is a success."

Just then Dr. Maynard's calm, monotonously-pitched voice broke in upon a silence that momentarily settled upon the festive assemblage.

"Mrs. Napier," he said, looking full at the hostess, "this is a very elegant table-cloth."

Mrs. Napier smiled blandly, and inclined her head until the pearl ornaments tinkled softly. It was a very singular remark, but every one knew that Dr. Maynard was one of those eccentric geniuses that nobody pretends to understand or criticise.

"And those napkins are as white as driven snow," went on the doctor, critically surveying the doubled damask on his lap.

Again Mrs. Napier bowed.

"Moreover," pursued the doctor, in the same calm, unvarying tone, "I have been admiring Miss Napier's white muslin dress."

"Ah—yes," simpered the gratified mamma, "white is very becoming to my Theodosia's style."

And she glanced towards Theodosia, who was playing with her Black Hamburgh grapes in a manner eminently calculated to display her rings.

"You must have a good laundress," said the doctor, abruptly.

"I believe Mrs. Tooley is quite competent to her business," answered Mrs. Napier, a little puzzled, but trying to indicate her claims to "the best society" by expressing no symptoms of surprise whatever.

"You are quite satisfied with her, then, madam?"

"Quite."

"Then why don't you pay her for her work?"

The *elite* dropped its silver forks and set down its glasses of champagne, quite uncertain whether this singular investigation was about to lead. Mrs. Napier turned scarlet.

"Dr. Maynard, I do not understand you."

"You do not, madam! Then I will endeavor to speak more plainly. Mrs. Tooley is one of my tenants—she cannot raise her rent because Mrs. Napier has not paid her a cent for five week's washing she has done. As I cannot for an instant suppose a lady would withhold the wages of her laundress on any other ground than that of inability to pay, I can only suppose her too poor to discharge her rightful dues."

He was silent for a moment. Mrs. Napier strove to speak, but something rose up in her throat that choked her, and brought a hot flush to her cheeks. Theodosia's pearls and half-open rose-buds, emblematic of her own youth, directed her sweetest glances towards the stiff old bachelor doctor, whose wealth was reputed to be so considerable. Other guests were also assembled—the *elite* of the city—and Mrs. Napier's heart thrilled with pride and pleasure as she glanced around upon the various personages grouped about her rooms.

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Weekly Commercial.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1868.

TERMS:

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THE POPULAR NOMINATION OF GEN. GRANT.

The Committee of Twenty-five, of which ALEXANDER T. STEWART is Chairman, appointed by the GRANT meeting at the Cooper Institute, New York, on the 4th inst., at a recent meeting adopted measures to secure the popular nomination of General U. S. GRANT for the Presidency, in advance of political conventions. The object of the Committee is to secure the election of Gen. GRANT to the Presidency, and they have adopted a simple but comprehensive plan upon which to operate. They intend to avoid all conflicts with politicians, who might seek to entangle them in the Vice-Presidency question, and to give their entire efforts in behalf of General GRANT upon the platform laid down at the Cooper Institute meeting, as follows: "GRANT's past record of services to the country, and a confidence that his judgment in the future, as in the past, might be safely relied on to carry the Government through the many difficulties the country may necessarily encounter during the coming four years."

In the furtherance of their object the Committee propose to issue a brief circular to all the commercial men in the country, asking them to pursue the course of the business men of New York, by holding meetings in every city, town and village of importance, and giving such expression of public opinion in advance of politicians as will leave no doubt of General GRANT's nomination. In thus avoiding connection with mere politicians, it is held there can be no cause of complaint, while, on the other hand, it is believed the people would lead and eventually control those who now control them, and produce a lasting benefit to the whole country, besides setting an example for the future by forestalling the action of Conventions. An Executive Committee of five members have been appointed, who have been instructed to engage headquarters and committee rooms, and to open correspondence throughout the country with the business connections of the various gentlemen comprising the Committee of twenty-five, and all others disposed to join in popular demonstrations of like character to that held at the Cooper Institute, so as to present the name of Gen. GRANT as the nominee of the people. The Committee will act immediately.

THE WHISKY "RING."

The revelations made, at various points, of the gigantic swindling schemes of the whisky distillers, and the conspiracies among dealers and revenue officers to defraud the Government and enrich themselves, should awaken Congress to the urgent necessity of taking immediate steps to punish frauds and collect the entire tax at all hazards. Our special dispatches from Washington, yesterday, contained the announcement that, for the present fiscal year, the ratio of tax collected is about eight cents per gallon! The previous year it was only eighteen cents. The Government has got to do one of two things—either abandon all attempts to collect a tax on whisky, or make a determined effort to execute the law and punish all frauds and conspiracies against the revenue. No half way measures will do now. Those who have been stealing their millions indirectly from the treasury have become bold and desperate, and the evil must be cut up by the roots. The fountain head of these streams of corruption must be reached and purified, and whatever or whoever stands in the way of a thorough reform must be cast aside.

The law itself must be modified in many essential particulars. It is pronounced "a compilation of legal provisions inviting and protecting frauds." The system of bonded warehouses has been found highly objectionable, and the "leaks" in the law are so numerous as to require an entire remodeling. A case is given in Chicago, for instance, where the aggregate credits for assumed leakage of whisky in bond reached ninety-nine per cent., when in fact there was *no leakage at all!* The abolition of bonded warehouses seems imperatively demanded; and the discretion in the officers of the districts, or in Washington, to compromise, condone and settle suits or prosecutions for violations of the excise law, should no longer be granted, as they are fruitful sources of bribery, corruption and perjury. All "rings" must be broken, and those who are proven to have conspired to defraud the revenues must be sent to State prisons for a number of years. No mercy must be shown this class of plunderers and robbers.

The shameful failure of the Government to enforce the collection of the whisky tax, and punish those who are stealing millions every week from the National Treasury, has had a tendency also to corrupt the excise officers in every other department. It is patent to everybody that these frauds are being perpetrated, and that nobody is being punished. Hence it is that corruptions in other departments—in the manufacture of tobacco, ale, fermented liquors, etc.—are becoming so common. Hence it is that the revenues are falling off at so fearful a rate. Every tax payer in the country is directly interested in this important subject; because, unless the whisky tax, and all similar taxes, can be honestly collected and applied to the necessities of the Government, Congress cannot remove the tax on manufactures, on incomes, and on many other articles which it is desirable at this time to relieve from taxation. The people, therefore, should agitate this subject as one of paramount importance, and in a manner so earnest as not to be mistaken by their representatives in Congress.

REFORMATORY SCHOOLS.

An article from our correspondent in last Saturday's paper, on the remarkable success of the Ohio Reform School, is worthy of attention at this time, when our own State has appointed a Commission to report upon the workings of our system of prison discipline, and when it is in contemplation to build a new penitentiary. If it be true, as our correspondent states, and none can doubt him, that upwards of one thousand convicts have within the last nine years in this Ohio Reform School, been restrained by no bolts and bars, lying upon a farm surrounded only by the usual fence, then we ought to carefully look into the principles of all such reformatory schools. Our correspondent assails our solitary system as cruel, and as having failed to secure the reformation which was its primary object. We have no doubt in some of is aspects the system is cruel, and taken as a whole, an expensive and unmanageable one. Its failure is probably no greater, so far as reformation is concerned, than has been the congregated system, as both have been usually administered.

If Pennsylvania shall now enter upon a new experiment, in the treatment of her convicts, we wish her to adhere to her present so far as experience has demonstrated it to be good. We would recommend, so far as our own county is concerned, that the new House of Employment, in process of construction, be adapted to the reception of prisoners of the lower grade of crime—the Judges of the Criminal Court being authorized in their discretion to sentence to that institution instead of to the Western Penitentiary. Of course we expect the previous habits and character of the convict to direct the discretion of the Judges.

We also desire to add that very many of the principles, and much of the success of the Ohio School, have been acted upon for some three or four years past in our own vicinity, in the House of Refuge for juvenile offenders. It is true the inmates had not been guilty of so grave offenses as in the Ohio School. It is also true that the construction of the building had been based on the old fashioned idea of the necessity of high walls to secure the convicts from running away. But it is also true that the present Superintendent would be willing to undertake the management of fully two-thirds of the inmates upon a farm after the Ohio model. He has, with the approbation of the managers, taken out the boys on repeated occasions, and brought them back safely without any attempt to escape. We are prepared to believe that prisons or schools modeled on the Ohio or Irish plan will succeed from what we have witnessed at our own House of Refuge. Men, aye, even bad men, are only children of larger growth. If Mr. AVERY and his assistants can restrain two hundred of the three hundred inmates without bolts and bars, why cannot he restrain one-half when the convicts are grown up men and women. If among boys sentenced for various crimes, it has been already demonstrated in the House of Refuge that large numbers of them can be reformed and governed by moral suasion, why can not the same thing be done, to some extent at least, with older offenders? If Sir WALTER CROFTON, in Ireland, and Mr. HOWE, in Ohio, have demonstrated this to be true, then why should not Pennsylvania try the experiment, if it is an experiment? Success can only follow in the hands of men peculiarly endowed by Providence for the reformation of the vicious portion of mankind.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION—ITS OBJECTS AND PURPOSES—WHY IT FAILED.

The editor of the Albany *Evening Journal* recently indulged in some remarks with reference to the objects and aims of the famous Philadelphia Convention, and the motives which influenced the Hon. HENRY J. RAYMOND in taking so conspicuous a part therein. The article was prompted by discovering in the columns of the New York *Times*, (Mr. RAYMOND's paper,) "evidences of his disposition to support the advanced principles of the Republican party." The editor of the *Journal* concludes with the following interrogatory: "Will not Mr. RAYMOND just tell us what he and his friends had in view, and how they expected their action" [in the Philadelphia Convention] "would affect the Party of Freedom?"

Mr. RAYMOND answers this interrogatory in a letter two columns in length, which forms an interesting chapter in the political history of the country. He states in the outset that he has no explanations to give which would be at all likely to change the settled opinion of the Republican party in regard to the character and objects of that convention, but is perfectly willing to inform the public as to his own "motives" in the matter—what good might be accomplished, and what evil prevented, by participation in its proceedings. He had nothing to do with calling the convention, but favored any measure calculated to make the Union party *national* in fact as well as in name. The original call for the Philadelphia Convention was drawn by Senator DOOLITTLE. At first it seemed to him that the control of the convention would rest in the hands of Democrats and others opposed to the Union party. He therefore declined to be a candidate, but subsequently consented "only at the urgent personal solicitation, and on the very strong political representations of the President and Secretary of State." They argued if the members of the Union party refused to take part in the convention it would necessarily fall into hostile hands, and be used by the Democrats to advance their interests; but they were confident that if the Republican friends of the Administration would go into the convention they could guide its action and secure the adoption of Republican principles, as affirmed by the Baltimore Convention and carried out by President LINCOLN. President JOHNSON said he was very anxious the convention should not enure to the benefit of the Democratic Party—a party that had been *disloyal to the country during the war, and did not enjoy or deserve the confidence of the people.* He thought the Union Party should restore the Union, but some of the leaders were running to extremes, and entering upon a policy that would prevent the extension of the party in the South, and that a convention of this sort, which would extend the party principles in the South, would lead to the adoption of more moderate measures, and end political sectionalism. The President assured Mr. RAYMOND that it was not intended to form a new political party, and that he wanted the convention to take precisely the ground which he (RAYMOND) had taken in his speech on "Restoration and the Union Party." He urged RAYMOND to go into the convention and write an address embodying those views. Mr. SEWARD also urged this course. The object was not to help the Democrats, or aid them in the coming elections, but to exert a strong moral influence upon the Union Party and induce the nomination and election to Congress of moderate men. It was only when the Republicans would nominate extreme Radicals that the President would desire the election of Democrats in their stead.

With this understanding Mr. RAYMOND agreed to enter the Convention, and write an address for its consideration—reserving the right to *bolt* if the rebels and copperheads got control of affairs. Mr. RAYMOND thought the convention would be large and influential, and would aid either the Democratic party or the Union party. He considered it his duty to try to bring about the latter result in *nationalizing* the Union party, by securing for its essential and vital principles a strong support in the Southern States. These were his "motives," and he does not deem them either discreditable or unfaithful to the party or its cause. Personally he had something to lose, but nothing to gain by the result. He may lose office, position and influence by it, but that is a matter of little consequence either to himself or anybody else. He has nothing whatever to regret in regard to his "motives."

As to the action of the Convention and its results, Mr. RAYMOND has little to say. From what was then his point of view, its action was wise. He wrote its Declaration of Principles, and believed them in accordance with the real interests of the Union party. On this point he uses this language:

> It seemed to me then—and it seems to me now—that these principles furnish a basis broad enough for the Union party. The declaration of the supreme right to vote, you must remember, as the corner-stone of the Union party, had not then been invented; nor had the project of nationalizing the party by committing its fortunes to the negro vote, then been launched.

Mr. RAYMOND then refers to the suffrage question at some length. He would not exclude any man from voting simply because he was black, nor admit any man as a voter merely because he was black. He is opposed to universal suffrage in the South, but as it has been decreed by Congress he would sooner acquiesce in it than make it a ground of further diversion and renewed sectional strife. When the Southern States regain the power, as they have the right to frame constitutions and laws for themselves, this evil, if it proves an evil, can be redressed.

The letter concludes in the following language:

> The Convention proved to be, so far as results were concerned, a failure. Of the causes of its failure I have nothing to say. The friends who started it took had very much to do with it; the evident purpose of the Democracy to turn it wholly to its own advantage, and to repudiate it except so far as they could use it, perhaps had more. I doubt also whether the Union party was sufficiently convinced at that time that the war was over, and that the Union might safely be restored, to be induced then to accept the action of the Convention as necessary or wise. Time has settled its acceptance has now come by. They may possibly have learned something on these points, and some others, from the late elections.

IGNORANCE AT THE BALLOT BOX.

In the *Galaxy* for January is a political article, which of course embraces the problem of reconstruction. The writer goes not amiss when he argues that the peril of ignorance in the ballot box is repugnant to the judgment, conscience and feelings of the great mass of the American people—the Republican party included. As to suffrage in the reconstruction problem, the writer proposes the following compromise:

> (a) Universal amnesty; (b) Equal rights to the white and black races before the law; (c) Impartial, but universal suffrage; (d) *An educational qualification for voting, such as the ability to read and write, with a provision for the right of three to the satisfaction of an impartial tribunal appointed by the General Government*; (e) A provision to be inserted in every new State Constitution for the ultimate disenfranchisement of the whites and blacks in the Southern States.

It is gratifying to note the progress which the proposition to impose the test of intelligence in connection with suffrage, not only in the South but in the North as well, has already made. The difficulties in the way of practically applying it are vanishing. At any rate, the conviction is deepening that there must be some test for warding off the reinforced peril of ignorance at the ballot box; nor should the test simply be a precaution against the increase of ignorant and unreasoning suffrage in the future, but a direct and thorough correction of past mistakes in conerring suffrage. So far as possible, voting should be in conformity with such rules as to fitness and qualifications as will insure in the ballot box the registration of the pure and enlightened will only. Citizens are challenged from the jury box and the witness stand for unfitness, while yet as citizens they have every right they are capable of exercising—and why should a less rigid rule apply to suffrage? The right to vote no more inheres with citizenship than the right to draw ten thousand dollars from the public treasury without due process are an equivalent. It may be conferred or not, and qualifications may be exacted and restrictions enforced at any time; else how can the legislative power guard the public welfare? It is as much a duty to guard the ballot box from ignorance as from violence and disorder; and there is no sound reason why actual and conceded present evils should be perpetuated and the laws made to apply only to passable future ones. And as to the practicability of the educational test, it presents no greater difficulties than the test as to residence and citizenship. There can be no test without some inconvenience, and perhaps, in certain cases, even hardship; and as to applying the educational or other test to ascertain the fitness of citizens to be voters, whatever is essential to the general welfare must be done even though thousands should for a time be suspended from voting.

WHISKY AND THE REVENUE.

We have steadily advocated the policy of keeping the whisky tax just as it is—allowing no diminution whatever; listening to no suggestions or appeals from distillers and others in the business, but making a resolute and determined effort to collect the tax to the last dollar. The financial condition of the Government demands that the tax be continued. Whisky is the article, above all others, which can stand a high rate of tax. No one can be distressed by it, as the less the consumption the better for society. The tax *can* be collected, if the Government will only set about it in the right way. Frauds can be detected, bribery and black-mailing can be punished, and conspiracies in the form of "rings" to defraud the national treasury can be exposed and broken. This is what the country demands. Frauds, corruption, *stealing*, must be prevented; and the revenue officers, from the highest to the lowest, held to a strict legal accountability. The Chicago *Tribune* exposes an extensive conspiracy formed in that city, by which the Government has been and is still being swindled out of millions of dollars:

> In August, 1867, there was formed in this city what is known as a "ring," of which, voluntarily and involuntarily, nearly every whisky distiller, wholesale dealer, jobber and commission man engaged in the whisky business in Illinois, St. Louis, Iowa, Minnesota, and parts of other States, are more or less a member. This "ring" was of course affiliated with other rings extending to all the points, nearly, of all the whisky interests in the country. This "ring," included also, with a few repugnant exceptions, one officers of the Government in all the districts, and the Attorney-General's office. Its chief, almost business it is to prosecute all violations of the law, all those middle men who buy and sell for others, and all those who refuse to join the ring and combine and require to be silenced were included.
>
> The objects of the "ring" were to establish an alliance offensive and defensive, by which all those in it might make the greatest possible profit, chiefly by swindling the revenue. It was agreed that there should be a small tax paid on the whisky manufactured; that this should be paid, not to the whole Government was entitled to something, but in order to keep up an appearance of paying the tax. This agreement was carried out for some time, but lately the payments have fallen off. The average paying of the manufacture which is generally called "whisky" has been from the still, thirty-five cents per gallon. It is sold at one dollar fifty, leaving a clear profit of *one dollar* per gallon to be divided among the members of the "ring," and to which is added by rakers and cesters and the Federal officers. A few figures will illustrate the extent of the "ring" business.
>
> Since the establishment of these affiliated rings, and under the security afforded by them, the manufacture of whisky has been increased in all parts of the country beyond precedent. In Cook county there are some thirty distilleries, of which twenty-six are in the city of Chicago. These stills are of various capacities, and produce in the aggregate about 40 barrels of sixty gallons each per day. The tax on this amount is $48,000 per day, or $1,440,000 per month, or $17,280,000 per annum. But from the books of the Collector of this district show that the tax paid is about 18 cents per gallon, or less than *five cents* per gallon upon the whisky trade in this county.

The vast margin between the cost and the selling price, enables the parties to this conspiracy to make enormous "dividends." Just think of it for a moment—that in one county alone, in a single month's manufacture, the government is defrauded of over one million four hundred thousand dollars! Facts have clearly demonstrated that what is true of Chicago, in this respect, is equally true of other sections. The same fraudulent practices are resorted to wherever the business of distilling, rectifying, jobbing and dealing, is carried on. What other government on earth would tolerate such wholesale corruption and official villainy? But the conspiracy not only contemplates an evasion of the tax, by corrupting the government officials, it actually controls the appointments, as appears from the authority above quoted:

> This "ring," affiliated as it is with other organizations in the East, holds and exercises the power to make all revenue appointments and removals. Its influence extends to depths, and reaches to membership and official and personal crime through all grades and ranks, until it is probably the most powerful influence. Every appointment within the jurisdiction of this "ring," from the highest to the lowest in the revenue officer, has been made by the direction or consent of this "ring," and is probably the result of several and special accomplices at Washington and elsewhere. Right here in Chicago, where the special agents and detectives of the Government are all political appointees, the whisky manufacture is carried on more extensively than in any other city. The Federal officers collect less than five cents per gallon where they collect eighteen cents. The Secretary of the Treasury, willingly or unwillingly, is made the tool of these affiliated rings, and applies the energies of his department to enable them to evade the payment of the tax. The head of the government is being daily deceived, and by his tools and appointees partake of his lack of official rectitude. On the principle of "like master like man," the stream can hardly rise higher or be purer than its fountain. The collection of the public revenues has fallen into the hands of Copperheads and Conservatives, who are making hay while the sun shines.

THE COMING ISSUE.

The *World* rejoices in the belief that the "issue" has been "joined," with the Republican party "squarely" planted in favor of "wholesale negro suffrage," and the Democratic party—though the *World* does not "squarely" admit as much—just where it stood during the war—on the side of the men and ideas that chose JEFF. DAVIS for their leader. With such an "issue joined," the *World* expects great advantage will accrue to the Democrats. The indignation and virtuous horror of the *World* in view of the participation of negroes in the elections, is no doubt as genuine as the support it gives to the system whereby unnumbered thousands of ignorant and besotted white men in New York city vote the Democratic ticket—not once only, but as many times as the necessities of the party render it expedient. That the *World* is a consistent advocate of pure suffrage, is clear; but it has a vision which can detect nothing wrong where the ballot box fairly reeks with Democracy and corruption, and where an honest election has not been held within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. If the *World* and the Democratic leaders were sincere, and instead of ranting about the ignorant negro at the polls, would include the equally ignorant and thoroughly debauched thousands of white men who make merchandise of their votes, whereby Democratic majorities are run up to almost any desired figure, they might at least win credit for consistency, and perhaps assist to establish the test of fitness for all classes, white and black, North and South. Let not the *World* be too fast in this business. Judging from the rate at which the educational test has progressed in the public judgment, we think the *World* has more reason to be concerned as to its own position and the position of its own party on that "issue" than about "wholesale negro suffrage." Wholesale ignorant suffrage is the Democratic idea—the very evil the educational test, and nothing else, will cure. Wherever this evil exists, in whatever color it is clothed, let the cure be applied—and it is on this "issue" that the *World* should find out where it stands.

DEMOCRATIC DOCTRINE.

There was lately commenced a systematic effort to extend far and near the circulation of the La Crosse *Democrat;* and the result has been a circulation which POMEROY, the editor, claims is second to only one political newspaper in this country. It would be unfair to aver that there are not in the Democratic party those who utterly condemn this man and his paper; it is nevertheless true that the large circulation has been obtained on the score of the soundness of the paper as a Democratic organ and preacher of unadulterated Democratic doctrines. With these remarks we quote the following from a late number of the *Democrat:*

> We tell you, Radicals and traitors, your vote never enter the Presidential Mansion, elected by negro votes. If this be treason make the most of it. But bear in mind that it is treason held by two millions of white men, who are ready to fight for white supremacy. God help you, if the struggle comes. Every man of the Rebel four million negroes and all the remaining powers of hell at your command, white will win, and there will be such an outpouring of *nigger blood, such a hanging of Radicals to every apple-tree,* as was never known since the world emerged from chaos!
>
> "In this connection a hint, Democrats. In 1868 clubs will be formed in every town and city in the country. Let these clubs be composed of men as *ready to fight as to vote!* Let them be drilled in the manual of arms—be as conversant with the science of military tactics as with Democratic principles. They may not be required to display that knowledge, but *if nigger or Radical killing should be in order,* they will be as ready for that business as to listen to the inaugural of a Democratic President on the 4th day March, 1869."

COMING RIGHT.

The *Tribune*, in an article on "The Suffrage Question," makes the following avowal:

> "The *Tribune* does not favor *Universal* but *Impartial* Suffrage. And we no more believe in Black than in White Suffrage. What we insist on is simply that in this, as in other civilized countries (including overwhelmingly Brazil), a line shall be wisely defined, nor determinable by Civil or Political Rights—that Justice, Law, Government, shall deal with every one according to his character, regardless of his color."

So far so good. But had the *Tribune* gone a step farther and declared by what rule it would secure "Impartial Suffrage," it would have done better. We are encouraged by what it has on different occasions said, to believe that the *Tribune* is for the Educational test, as the only true basis of "Impartial Suffrage." The *Tribune* is not in the habit of leaving its position in doubt. The avowal that it "does not favor *Universal* but *Impartial* Suffrage," would seem to render necessary something farther. Since it is opposed to the test of Color, what is it for? The property test, the test of intelligence or some new test, about which nothing has been said?

WE see no good cause for any farther agitation at present of the question of negro suffrage. By this we do not mean that we should give our individual opinions, or that we should retrace one of the steps we have taken. But the combination of events shows us that we can gain nothing and may lose much by persistency at present. In the South the progress of reconstruction is happily being carried out.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Impartial suffrage based on intelligence is the only kind of suffrage consistent with the true idea of Republicanism. The extract quoted above is among the first utterances on this subject, resulting from "the sober second thought" and a calmer survey of the future. The suffrage question relates not to the present alone. It mainly concerns the future,—for whoever lives to observe public affairs fifty years hence, unless we heed well the admonition to prudence in our present action, will perceive the greatest dangers flowing from the peril of ignorance in the ballot box,—a remark as true of the North as the South.

THE Democrats, though taking a great deal of interest in him, have changed their tone in regard to Gen. GRANT. Until quite lately they patronized and pretended to support him; but now they have become quite critical and fault-finding. The reason is, they have found out that he is not of them, but is an original and consistent Republican—not of the WENDELL PHILLIPS, and Senator SUMNER school, but in hearty sympathy and will go to the end with those who fought the war through and the rebellion and slavery down. It is because Gen. GRANT occupies just this position that the solid men of the country are coming out for him. He is already the Republican Presidential nominee—responsible for the vagaries of nobody, and as such is receiving a degree of support which does not admit of a doubt of his election.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us to ask—since Dixmont is an institution for the "curably insane only, what is to become of the incurably insane?" The question certainly is a timely and important one, and any evasion of it is inhumanity to an unfortunate class of fellow beings to whom some door should be open. Some may be disposed to raise a question as to who shall decide who is "curably" and who is "incurably" insane. Our object is to give utterance to the voice of humanity, in the name of Christianity and Civilization, in a plea for the incurably insane. Will our correspondent take up the question?

THE Democracy of Pennsylvania are flattering themselves on the prospect of securing a majority in the Legislature of 1869, and an active canvass has been going on among the party for a successor to Senator BUCKALEW. Hon. WM. A. WALLACE, the State Senator from the Clearfield district, finds the most favor for the position. Our opponents, however, are over sanguine. The Legislature of 1869 will be more strongly Republican than that of 1868.

SOON after Congress comes together again General BUTLER will make another attempt to obtain a declaration in favor of his financial ideas. It is his belief that a majority of the House agree with him, and many good judges agree with him in this. It is believed that if SHERMAN's bill is passed a majority will be in favor of putting one per cent. tax on the six per cent. bonds.

A NATIONAL Convention of Soldiers, to nominate candidates for President and Vice President, to be held in May next, is mooted. Such a Convention would surely nominate General GRANT; and its preference for Vice President would have great weight with the Republican Convention.

ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS.—We are again compelled to notify correspondents that we must have their real names before we can print their communications. We have a number of letters that we would print if we had the names of their authors as a guarantee of responsibility.

A LETTER from General Grant has been made public in the city of Mexico, written to Minister Romero. After conveying very kind remembrances to the family of the departing Minister, he takes occasion to say honestly and well: "I hope you will find everything quiet in your country, and the prospects bright for a speedy restoration of law and order. No Mexican desires more than I do the prosperity and progress of your country. I want to see it a strong, thriving, and growing republic, intimately associated with our own in trade and commerce, and the two in such relations to each other that they will be a mutual support."

THE Richmond *Examiner* speaks of Johnson's message wherein he compares Hancock to Washington, as "unrivalled as a specimen of keen and quiet sarcasm." The General's friends are just beginning to wake up to the President's humor and the fact that what they swallowed as genuine praise was meant for "keen sarcasm."

A LETTER dated Rio Janeiro, November 24th, confirms the loss of the steamer Saturn, off Montevideo. When she went down she had on board over 400 persons, including the crew and passengers. Among the latter was the English minister, who had just been relieved to enable him to make a short visit home. He, with the rest, were lost, only fourteen out of whole being saved.

THE New York *Tribune* asserts that: "Senator Morgan is not expecting the Vice Presidency nor making any effort for it." It thinks the delegates in the Chicago Convention from New York, will present the name of Gov. Fenton for the Vice Presidency, A Washington letter speaks encouragingly of the prospects of Senator Wilson, while another thinks the Colfax movement is likely to win.

THE *Independent* has heard of Gen. Grant's letter marked "private." Considering what high stilts it usually mounts, the following mild way of disposing of the letter is not a little remarkable. Somebody's thunder has been "squelched":

> "Gen. Grant's private letter to the President (written months ago, but only lately published), remonstrating modestly, discreetly and manfully against the removal of Mr. Stanton, is an equal credit both to the author's heart and head."

NUMBERS of freedmen are passing through Washington and Baltimore daily from the South, *en route* to Indiana and other Western States, where they propse to settle as farmers. In some instances they have saved enough from their earnings since the close of the war to buy small farms, but as a general thing they are seeking employment.

WE are glad to see it stated that the Secretary of the Treasury has expressed the determination to get more revenue from the whisky tax. The first step is the greatest difficulty—turn out the whole batch of treasury officials and put honest men in their places. Let the Diogenes of the Department trim his lantern and commence his search for the men he wants!—*Chicago Post.*